MY BOX ON THIS ROCK CAN'T CARRY IT ANY

PARTHER . I WON'T NEED

THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

The story of an Eastern man who did not "find himself" until he became a fugitive from justice in the rugged West.

CHAPTER I.

IEY but been during together-Debritt, a seleeman for the Aldenguild Engraving Company of New York, and the elder of the two. as the guest, and Smith, coshier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust, as the host. Since Debritt's train would not leave until \$ there was ample letsure for the tobacco burning and for the journd desman's appreciative authustasm.

"Monty, my son, for solid satisfaction and pure unadulterated enjoyment the safe-and rane variety, you follows in the little cities have us metrocelitans backed off the map. Here you know everybody worth knewing, drive your own motor, have more dinner invitations then you can accept, and by and by-when you get deliberately good and ready-you can marry the tiest girl in town. Am I right?"

The carefully groomed, athietically muscled younger man to the big lounging chair laughed eastly. A handsome limousine had rolled giently up to the club carriage eatrance, and a young woman was descending from it. She was magnifulant; a brown-eyed blonde of the trying to reach you by phone off and Clympian type, exuberantly feminine on ever since the adjournment of our in the many dazzing luxuriances of stockholders' meeting at 3 octock.

is the many dazzing luavinance of the Olympian type, exuberantly femining the many dazzing luavinance of ripe-lipped, full-figured maidenhood. "You know her, I suppose; you has weveryhody in town."

Smith's nod was expressive of semething more than a fellow townsman's degree of intimacy.

I ought to: he admitted "Mae is like Verda Richlander, the daughter of our one and only multi-millionaire. Also, I may asid that she is my very sood friend."

Debritt's chuckting laugh proved that his prefigurings had aiready cutrun the mere statement of fact.

"Better and more of it," he commented. "I'm going to congratulate yeu before you can escape—or is it is premature?"

Some of the Lawrenceville gossipe while tell you that it is she is a finish.

Some of the Lawrenceville gossipe abut one measure for the stature of has but one measure for the stature of a man, and the name of it is money a man, and the name of it is money. The follow who saish him for Missipp some get-rich-quick scheme. Some get-rich-quic

"The 'J' does stand for 'John," he said.

The fat salesman was chuckling again when he threw the cigar end away and gianced at his watch.

"I don't blame you for parting your name in the middle," he said.
"But if you should ever happen to need an alias you've got one ready made. Just drop the 'Montague' and the cashier had definited that he was going to use the money in an attempt to buy up the control of his own company's stock.

He toro the second envelope across and took out the inclosed slip of and took out the inclosed slip of the president and it was dated within the hour and had been written at

The big what?" "The big ego; the German philoso-phers" 'Absolute Ego,' you know, by which they mean the ego itself, unwhich they many of these conditions which unite in forming the ordinary personality. They say that if these conditions could be suddenly swept away or changed completely, a new



in the hour and had been written at the bank. It was a curt summons; the cashler was wanted at once.

Service of the control of the contro

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